Gob. Be Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, now will I raiſe the vvaters; talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maſter ſir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

Launc. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your vvorſhips friend and *Launcelet* ſir.

Launc. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you, talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*?

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant ſhall pleaſe your worſhip.

Launc. *Ergo*, Maſter *Launcelet*, talke not of Maſter *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Deſtenies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the Siſters three, and ſuch branches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Launc. Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell poſt, a ſtaffe, or a prop? doe you know me Father?

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God reſt his ſoule, alive or dead.

Launc. Doe you not know me Father?

Gob. Alack ſir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Launce. Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

mee your bleſſing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that is, your childe that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Launc. I know not what I ſhall think to it: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am ſure Margerie your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede, I'le be ſworne if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipped might he be, what a beard haſt thou got, thou haſt got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phil-horſe has on his tayle.

Launc. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins tayle grows backward. I am ſure he had more haire of his tayle then I had when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doſt thou and thy maſter agree, I have brought him a preſent.

Launc. Well, well, but for mine owne part, I have not a minde to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ſize, my Maſter's a very Iewe, give him a preſent, no meſſe: I am famiſht in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your preſent to one Maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeede gives rare new liveries, if I ſerve not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iew if I ſerve the Iewe any longer.

Enter Baſſanio with a traine.

Baſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee these Letters ſeal'd, put the Liveries to making, and deſire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Launc. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, wouldſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Heere's my Sonne ſir, a poore boy.

Launc. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iewes man that would ſir, as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay to ſerve.

Laun. Indeede the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Iewe, and have a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

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